

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR. —

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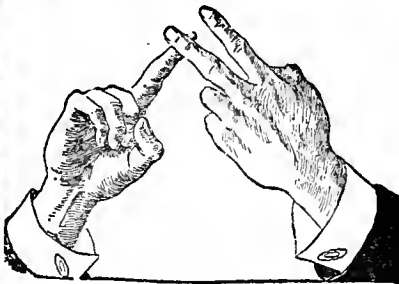
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HOW THE TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK OF MORMON WAS ACCOMPLISHED.



AFTER having read over very carefully Elder B. H. Roberts' article on the above subject in the April number of the *Era* it did not seem to me that the explanation there given exactly harmonized with the facts as recorded in the various works of the Church, with the possible exception of the revelation to Oliver Cowdery, which forms the basis of Elder Roberts' theory of how the translation was accomplished.

In analyzing my objections to Elder Roberts' theory I find the following:

- 1st. It is opposed to the actual facts of translation in general.
- 2nd. It is opposed to the theory of translation by means of the Urim and Thummim as understood by the Nephites.
- 3rd. It is directly opposed to the manner of translating as understood by the associates of the Prophet in the work.
- 4th. It is opposed to the methods of translating as recorded in the writings of the Prophet himself.
- 5th. It is not the method contemplated in the revelation on which it is based.
- 6th. It is not necessary in order to explain the errors in grammar, the use of modern words, New England localisms, etc., in the book.

Before referring to the quotations in support of the objections noted let us learn

what the word translate, as it applies to language, means. The Universal Dictionary gives the meaning as follows, (a) To render into another language, (b) to express the sense or meaning in another language, (c) the rendering of words into another language.

A translator is one who expresses the sense of words in one language by equivalent words in another language.

Ordinarily a translator is supposed to be familiar with the language he desires to translate, as well as the language in which it is to be expressed.

The act of translating, as we understand it, consists in taking each word of a sentence separately and finding its equivalent in the other language. When the sentence has been so rendered begins the most difficult task of the translator, namely, to so arrange or revise the words translated as to read smoothly in the new language and yet preserve the force, strength, and meaning expressed in the original text. Now this is no easy task as between languages of the present time and of equal degrees of language development, but how much more difficult when we separate languages by a period of 2,000 years and place the degree of civilization of one people far below the other and the view plane of thought on different levels.

To illustrate this thought let us take a

sentence from the Lord's Prayer, expressed in Spanish with a literal rendering in English:

Padre Nuestro que estas en los cielos; sea
 Father ours that is in the skies be
 sanctificcado tu nombre. Venga tu reino
 sanctified thy name Come thy kingdom
 sea hecha tu voluntad como en el cielo asi
 be done thy will as in the sky so
 tambien en la tierra.
 also in the earth.

Now take another sentence, a literal translation of the Indian of the Onondaga tribe.

"That the it is said the were they dwell, not they it know the what kind of thing one it should say. I will die."

The translation revised reads, "It is said that they who dwell there did not know what it is for one to say, I shall die."

From the above one can form an idea of how difficult the work of revision is, and in it is where the translator stamps his individuality upon his work.

In support of our second objection let us quote from Mosiah 8: 13:

"For he has wherewith that he can *look*, and translate all records that are of ancient date; and it is a gift from God. And the things are called interpreters, and no man can *look in them*, except he be commanded, lest he should *look for that he ought not*, and he should perish. And whosoever is commanded to *look in them*, the same is called a seer."

Again Mosiah 28: 13-14:

"And now he translated them by the means of those two stones which were fastened into the two rims of a bow. Now these things were prepared from the beginning, and were handed down from generation to generation, for the purpose of interpreting languages."

Briefly, the Urim and Thummim was two stones set in the two rims of a bow. They were called by the ancients "Interpreters"

and were used to translate records of ancient date. The act of translating was performed by *looking into the two stones*.

Thus we have an explanation of Urim and Thummim and its important office, which is indicated by its name "Interpreters." An interpreter is one who explains the *meaning* of an unknown language in a language that is known. Hence with the interpreters the seer *looked* into the two stones and saw there explained in his language the meaning of the unknown characters he wished to translate.

If this were not a sufficiently clear explanation we have the testimony of those who were immediately connected with the book and undoubtedly familiar with the manner in which it was accomplished.

On this subject David Whitmer says:

"A piece of something resembling parchment did appear (i. e. in the Urim and Thummim) and on that appeared the writing, one character at a time would appear and under it was the translation in English. Brother Joseph would read off the English to Brother Oliver Cowdery, who was his principal scribe, and then it was written down and repeated to Brother Joseph to see if it was correct; then it would disappear and another character with the translation would appear. Thus the Book of Mormon was translated by the gift and power of God and not by any power of man."

Martin Harris says:

"By aid of the seer stone sentences would appear and were read by the prophet and written by Martin and when finished he would say "written," and if correctly written that sentence would disappear and another appear in its place; but if not written correctly it remained until corrected, so that the translation was just as it was engraved on the plates precisely in the language then used."

During the latter part of March, 1906, Father Lorin Farr of Ogden visited the Logan First Ward Sunday School and in

the hearing of the writer stated to the theological class that he had been a member of the Prophet's household between 1835 and 1840, and that during that time the subject of the manner of translating was often discussed in the family circle, and that it was always understood to be substantially as described above by Whitmer and Harris.

The Prophet himself has left a number of statements in his writings which support the explanation given by his associates.

Speaking of the characters taken to New York by Martin Harris, "I copied a considerable number of them and *by means of the Urim and Thummim* I translated some of them." (Church History, p. 19).

Verse 8, Revelation on Church government reads, "And gave him power from on high *by the means which were before prepared to translate* the Book of Mormon.

From the above quotations one fact is emphasized, namely, that the Urim and Thummim were the *means* by which the translation was accomplished, and although the Prophet was endowed with divine power while engaged in the work, that alone was not sufficient to bring it to a successful conclusion.

During the months immediately preceding the organization of the Church the Prophet received a number of revelations through the Urim and Thummim. He speaks of these usually in his history as follows: "I inquired of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim and obtained the following." (Church History p. 33.) "Through the Urim and Thummim I obtained of the Lord for them the following." (Church History p. 53.)

Martin Harris "desired of me that I would inquire of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim if he might not do so. I did inquire and the answer was that he must not." (Church History p. 21.)

We are not told just how inquiry was made or answers came through the Urim

and Thummim, but there is a strong presumption that the Prophet went before the Lord in humility of soul with his desire, and that the answer was manifest in the instrument and was dictated to the scribe.

That it came through or by a power entirely outside of the Prophet, and not as a reflex of his thoughts is certain. Another evidence of this is found in the following:

"For while we were doing the work of translation which the Lord had appointed unto us, we came to the twenty-ninth verse of the fifth chapter of John *which was given to us as follows.*" *Revelation: The Vision.*

While engaged in translating there arose a dispute between Joseph and Oliver as to whether the Apostle John died or not, they agreed to settle it by the Urim and Thummim, and received a revelation which was a translation from manuscript written and hid up by John himself. Oliver was satisfied with the answer, which we doubt that he would have been had he believed that the Prophet had *studied it out in his mind.*

As to the translating done by Oliver Cowdery, there is no evidence, so far as we know, that he attempted or was permitted to do the work of translating as principal, using the Urim and Thummim. The Prophet had been commanded not to show the plates, nor the Urim and Thummim to anyone unless commanded. A violation of this command would bring destruction upon him.

When the work of translation was nearly completed the discovery was made that three special witnesses would be provided to whom the Lord would grant the privilege of seeing the plates, etc. Of this occurrence the Prophet writes: Almost immediately after we had made this discovery, it occurred to Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris that they

would have me inquire of the Lord to know if they might not obtain of Him the privilege to be these three special witnesses." The Prophet inquired of the Lord and received the following, "Behold, I say unto you, that you must rely upon my word, which if you do, with full purpose of heart, you shall have a view of the plates, and also the breastplate, the sword of Laban, the Urim and Thummim, etc., etc."

Considering Oliver's joy at seeing these things afterwards it does not seem probable that he had had a previous sight of them, which he must have done had he been engaged in the actual work of translating by means of the Urim and Thummim. Then, what translating did Oliver undertake to do to which reference is made in the revelation to him?

If we accept the explanation that the office of the Urim and Thummim was what the Book of Mormon and Whitmer and Harris say it was, namely, that of interpreters, which explained the meaning of the Nephite characters, then we can readily understand the revelation to Cowdery and his part in the work of translation.

Whitmer says that "one character at a time appeared in the Urim and Thummim and under it the translation in English. Harris says sentences would appear, etc. There is a strong presumption that the interpreters gave the meaning of the Nephite characters in equivalent English words, that the Prophet arranged and revised the English equivalents so as to read smoothly in the English as known to him, and as we have seen, this was no easy task. Hence the necessity on Oliver's part to study out the meaning of the literal English in his mind that he might be able to revise and arrange the words to convey the proper meaning. "Therefore," said the Lord, "you cannot *write* that which is sacred save it be given you from me."

It seems to us probable that in order to

satisfy Oliver, Joseph read to him sentences of the literal translation as they appeared on the Urim and Thummim, and allowed him to try to revise it so as to convey the meaning the Lord wished conveyed. In this Oliver relied on his own wisdom—and failed.

The importance of a proper rendering of words in revision is shown by a comparison of the translation of Mark 16: 16 as given on page 145 of the *Era* for May, which reads, "He that believes and is baptized shall be saved and he that disbelieves shall be condemned." In a Greek translation I have, the verse is rendered as follows: "He having believed and having been dipped shall be saved, he but not having believed shall be condemned." The word baptize, according to modern usage, may mean to sprinkle, to pour or to immerse, but the word dipped has but one meaning—to immerse.

It will thus be seen that translators may take the same text and produce very different renderings and yet come within the limits of correct translation; anyone may satisfy himself on this point by comparing any two translations of the *Iliad*.

Another thing in the work of revision is where the translator stamps his individuality upon his work. If he be indifferently learned in his native language, grammatical errors will be found in his work.

We think it very probable that the Prophet found the work of revision a very difficult one owing to the difference in the development of the Nephite and English languages and we think it very probable that in translating scriptural quotations with which the Prophet was familiar that when the King James version conveyed the sense given in the Nephite record it may have been adopted in certain instances.

We think undue importance has been made of the claim that the Book of Mormon contains modern words for which

there was no equivalent in ancient language, New England localisms, etc. The chief aim of the translator was to preserve the meaning of the original text and in

this he naturally used *words known to him*; that he did so cannot be used as an evidence that his translation was not inspired. *Joel Ricks.*

GOTHA.



HIS city is very pleasantly situated and has very attractive environs. It has about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and is one of the busiest mercantile places in Thuringia. It has several banks and the well-known geographical establishment of Justus Perthes, which was founded in 1785.

We were met at the station by Elders H. G. Reynolds and E. Spencer, and walked through the Bahuhof Strasse, leading from the station into the town. On the way we passed several very handsome new buildings, also a fire insurance office, a life insurance office, and the former palace of Duke Ernest II, and the ducal stable.

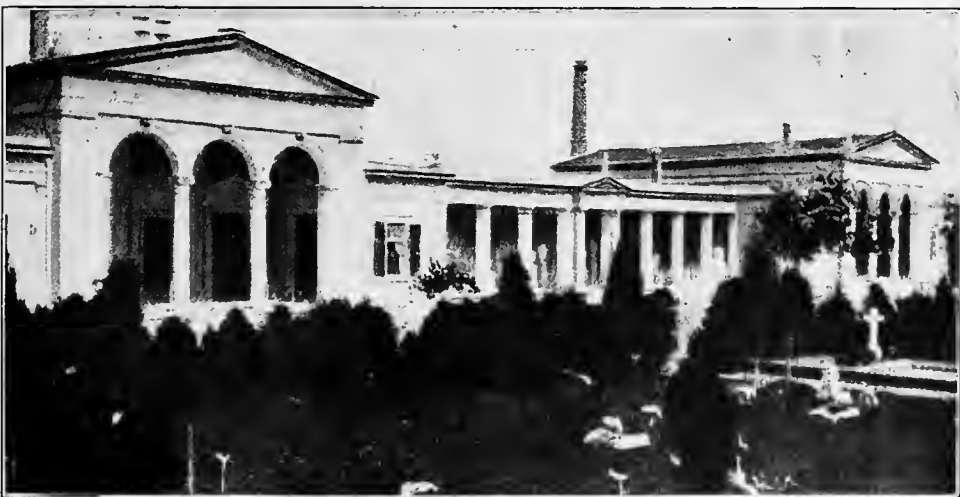
It was a delightful walk. The setting sun painted the many trees a deep crim-

son and the parks were flooded with a halo of golden light.

After supper at the Elders' lodgings, we separated for the night, the writer going to a little Dorf some distance from the town, where dwelt a member of the Church and his sister, who was anxious to meet a sister from Utah. She was favorably impressed with our faith, but hesitated to identify herself with us. They treated us cordially and asked many questions concerning Utah and our people. They are of a better class of Germans, gentle and refined, and the sister afterwards joined the Church.

Gotha is scattered over a good deal of country, so that we found our walking boots in demand to visit it.

The Rath haus in the Haupt—market,



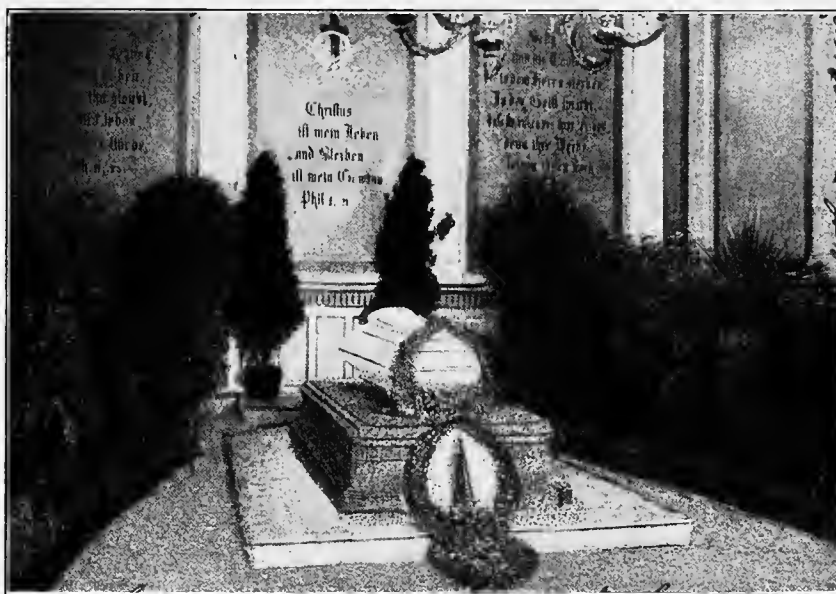
THE CREMATION HALL, GOTHA.

a rambling, ancient looking building, dates from 1574, but has an elaborately adorned facade. The cloisters of the old Augustine convent, founded in 1258, are still to be seen. The Frieckenstein Palace, built in 1645-46, rises on a slight eminence. In 1894 this was once more made the Ducal residence by the present Duke of Saxe-Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh).

The palace is beautifully situated in the midst of fine gardens, whose shade trees

in a grove on the east side are the Thuschlosschen (now used as an English church) where there is a statue of Blumenback, the naturalist, a native of Gotha (1752-1840).

In the park is a fine pond, on an island of which is an old ducal burying place. The Leina canal, intersects the park, and supplies the town with water from the Twinegia Forest. It was constructed in 1869 by the Landgrave Balthasar.



INTERIOR OF THE CREMATION HALL.

add so much to the general effect. A forest park forms an elevated background for the palace, the scene is enhanced by its deep shades of green.

The throne room in the palace is adorned by rare stucco work of 1687. The library contains two hundred thousand volumes: numerous incunabula manuscripts, ancient miniatures, autograph letters of Henry VIII, against Luther, cabinet coins, about seventy-five thousand in number and numerous Greek specimens. It has also an Armory and a Theatre.

Above the palace are fine promenades:

One mile to the north of the town is the new cemetery, which contains a cremation hall. In the outer part, placed around on shelves, some higher, some lower, are urns containing the ashes of those who have been cremated here. Palms and potted plants abound, and were it not for the German mourning regalia of wreaths and sashes, one would scarcely suspect he was in the abode of death. Through a glass dome in the center the sunshine makes the place bright and inviting. A conservatory heat is maintained and chairs and benches invite the strollers to rest.

The inner part contains the chapel with marble altar, and overhanging wreaths, where service is held for the dead. Service over, the casket descends from view, covered with its gifts of flowers. Below, it reaches a car and is moved down the track to a furnace or columbarium. In one hour and a half, a handful of ashes is all that remains. These, if desired, are placed in an urn, in the outer room with the others. Gas and compressed air are the agents used in cremation.

Many bodies are brought here from all over Germany to this, said to be, the largest crematory in the world. The walk back to the town is through a fine part of the country, and we were ready for a good dinner (which we did not get) when we reached

it. We were told this restaurant did really sometimes put up a good meal, so this certainly must have been an off day. Have you ever seen a waiter gather your money in for something you have not had? We think we have, in fact have a vivid recollection of several such times, when we could certainly condole with him who turned away empty. And that is not all, it takes a day or two in which to forget the nauseating effects of such viands.

It is pleasant to remember, however, that we sat out doors, enjoyed the garden and the visit with our friends. Our friends, how dear they are when met abroad! How close the ties of the Gospel, and how regretfully we clasp the parting hand.

Lydia D. Alder.

A PECULIAR WARNING.



ONE summer evening about eight years ago I learned a most useful lesson in a most peculiar way. Being a school teacher by profession, and engaged in one of the principal schools of Salt Lake City, it was my custom to ride to and from my work on the street cars in bad weather, and on a bicycle when the roads were in good condition. My home was several miles out of town and more than two miles from a street car line. Occasionally I would drive to town, but I usually preferred to walk to the car than to care for a horse and buggy, with no suitable convenience for them at school.

Besides teaching, I owned a small but remunerative business in the city, which occupied much of my time after school hours, often making my return home quite late in the evening. At the time of which I am about to write I had determined to go east and pursue a summer course in

the University of Chicago. Having finished my school work, I was very busy collecting and paying off bills, and arranging other affairs for a summer's absence, and bidding friends good-by, so that on the evening in question it was almost eleven o'clock when I mounted my wheel and started for home.

At least an hour's ride was ahead of me, but the moon shone brightly, the roads were in excellent condition, and I had just purchased a new bicycle, whose parts seemed to run with the precision and smoothness of a watch. Had I not been so tired after my long day's work, the ride would have been a real pleasure on that cool, beautiful night.

Before closing my desk and leaving my office, I placed in a large, black morocco pocket book, a number of valuable papers together with about six hundred dollars' worth of contracts, checks, currency, etc. It was too large for the breast pocket of my coat, so I put it in a side pocket, which

seemed deep enough to hold it with perfect safety. Though already somewhat late in the evening, I had to visit several friends before going home, and before finishing my day's work, it was, as already stated, near eleven o'clock. In going home, the road I selected was down Main to Twelfth South Street, as much of that road was paved and easy for a wheel. Before reaching the Salt Palace, however, my attention was called to a peculiar sound coming from my bicycle. Slackening my speed, for I was going at quite a rapid rate, I listened and tried to locate the sound and determine its cause. Every few rods the sound would be repeated, but I could not locate it, nor feel any grating in any of its bearings.

Finally I dismounted and turned rapidly first one wheel then the other, examined the pedals, the crank and other movable parts. Everything seemed to be in perfect condition, when I mounted again. In a few moments the sound was again heard. I again dismounted and made a more careful inspection than before, but with the same result. I was puzzled. What could cause the peculiar grating sound, repeated at regular intervals? Could it be the grade of the road? It looked to be almost a dead level, but I thought I would try it; so I turned my wheel about and rode back toward the city. To my surprise I rode a block or more toward town and heard not the slightest sound. Concluding that it was only my imagination, or that the cause of the sound was removed, I again turned homeward without dismounting, when, to my surprise, the wheel began again to utter its old complaint.

To test the matter again, I turned towards the city once more. The wheel remained silent so long as it was going in that direction, but when I turned homeward the peculiar, grating click was resumed. I was mystified, almost frightened. I wondered if the trouble was

in my brain instead of being in the wheel, and if anyone else could hear the sound if present with me. I am not superstitious, nor subject to unusual or supernatural experiences, so I determined to push homeward in spite of the noise, which seemed to be beyond my powers to understand.

I passed down the road by the Salt Palace, and on the Twelfth South Street I began to wonder if the sound had any real significance.

An incident in the life of President John Taylor crossed my mind. It was told me by one of the party who was with him, and was, as near as I can remember, as follows:

During the "raid," about the year 1886, when nearly all the general authorities of the Church were on the "underground," President John Taylor and party made quite a long ride to elude the deputies, and arrived at the home of a trusted friend, where their horses were unhitched and fed, and where Brother Taylor and party were received with hospitality and given a good dinner. Feeling at ease and perfectly secure in this remote retreat, they betook themselves to the parlor and were engaged in pleasant conversation, when suddenly, with no warning or apparent cause, the chimney of the center hanging lamp burst into a hundred pieces and fell to the floor.

"We must move from here at once, brethren," said President Taylor, calmly, and then ordered the horses hitched up again, and the party sped on their way.

It is perhaps needless to add that he read the warning aright, for in a short time after their departure the deputies appeared; but their birds had flown.

As this incident passed through my mind, the thought came to me—if the breaking of a lamp chimney was a warning to President Taylor, why may not the click of a bicycle be a warning to me?

By this time I was near Twelfth South Street, and I sprang from my saddle

and stood beside my wheel, wondering why I seemingly must return to town. Happening to put my hand into my coat pocket, I discovered to my dismay that the pocket book was gone. As may readily be imagined, the clicking of my bicycle was instantly forgotten. This loss to me at that time was serious, and might greatly disarrange my plans.

"Hello!" shouted a voice from a gate on the west side of the street, interrupting my reverie.

"Hello," I replied.

"Oh, is that you C—? Don't you think this is a late hour for you to be taking exercises on a wheel, so far from home?" he asked, in a voice which could belong to none other than my friend, Mr. V—.

"I am not out for pleasure, but on my way home, after a hard day's work," I replied; "and I have lost my pocket book containing about \$600.

"That's too bad. How did you lose it?"

"It must have fallen from my pocket as I rode along the street; and as I have come right along Main Street all the way, and the moon and electric lights are so bright that anyone could see so large a pocket book, I have not any hope of finding it if I were to go back."

"You bet I would go back and try to find it, if it were mine," urged my friend.

"I am so tired, and so far from home, and the chances are so small of my finding it, that I believe I will go home, and advertise for it in the papers tomorrow. If some honest person happens to find it, I may get it again; otherwise I shall have to make the best of my loss."

"Well, C—, you are a fool if you do," he urged still more strongly. "It is not far to go back on a wheel, and you might come across it."

"Well, I believe I will take your advice," and so saying I mounted my wheel, and began to retrace my course. Keeping a sharp look out for the pocket book,

I followed the track of my wheel back toward the city.

Only a short distance was retraced before I noticed that my bicycle was now as silent as it ever was, and the conviction flashed upon me that there was a reason for the strange sound, and that the money would be found. How light-hearted this made me! I could not understand it all.

Keeping constantly a sharp look out for the book, thoughts like these flitted through my mind: Where could I have lost it? Did I forget and leave it in my desk? No, for then it is safe, and I shall get it tomorrow, hence there is no need of warning from my wheel. It would not drop out of my pocket riding along on the wheel, but it must have fallen at some place where I dismounted, or in the house of one of my friends whom I visited. In sitting down in an arm chair, my coat might have caught on the arm of my chair and turned my pocket upside down; but no, for in either case it would be safe and the warning not necessary. Then it must be lying on the ground in danger of being picked up by someone. I recalled each place where I had dismounted and determined to visit them all. I returned, however, to my office, searched my desk, and found nothing. Each of my friends' homes I also visited, aroused the inmates and made searches, but to no purpose.

On returning from the last place, following carefully my previous route, I recalled that at a certain place I had dismounted to cross a ditch. After that I did not dismount until near the Salt Palace. "If the lost book is not at that place, I am certainly deceived by the warning noise. I am glad I did not say anything to anyone about it."

Engaged in such meditation, I at last reached this place of dismounting, and there in the grass, near a tree, lay the lost book, with its valuable contents unmo-
lest.

The reader can imagine my delight and thankfulness. My gratitude that the Lord had condescended to give me so kindly a warning was greater than for the recovery of the lost money. The smallest good that this little incident had really done may be represented in the recovery of the \$600. An effect of far greater value was the lesson it taught me, and which I have repeated to my children, especially to my sons on missions when preaching the Gospel. The confiding feeling that my finan-

ces are in good hands, took possession of me, and I have done little fretting about financial matters since.

I have written my sons, that if the Lord cares for my finances at home, when I am working largely for myself, how much more care will He have for those who are giving all their time to Him, and whom He has promised especially to care for. To me this incident has given one of the greatest lessons of my life.

H. H. C.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

ENVIRONMENT OF THE ORDINARY CHILD IN UTAH HOME (Continued.)

B. What should be taught in the home.

1. Love.
2. Obedience.
3. Virtue.
 - (a) Inherent power.
 1. "In a proper sense virtue signifies duty towards men."—Dr. Watts.
 2. "All virtue lies in a power of denying our own desires where reason does not authorize them."—Locke.
 3. "Virtue implies opposition or struggle. In man, the struggle is between reason and passion, between right and wrong. To hold the former is virtue, to yield to the latter is vice."—Fleming.
 4. "Virtue is its own reward."—Newman.
 5. "The great theatre for virtue is conscience."—Cicero.
 6. "The virtuous man meets with more opposites and opponents than any other."—Landon.
 7. "Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids; her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall."—Young.

8. "Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm."—Dryden.

9. "A virtuous deed should never be delayed; the impulse comes from heaven, and should be instantly obeyed."—Dow.

10. "Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt."—Milton.

11 "Conscious virtue is the only solid foundation of all happiness; for riches, power, rank, or whatever, in the common acceptation of the word is supposed to constitute happiness, will never quiet, much less cure, the inward pangs of guilt."—Lord Chesterfield.

(b) Moral excellence.

1. "There is no happiness without virtue."—Madame De Stael.

2. "Each must in virtue strive to excel; The man lives twice who lives the first life well."—Herrick.

3. "No virtue is acquired in an instant, but step by step."—Barrow.

4. "There is no virtue where there is no wisdom."—Burke.

5. "Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity."—Addison.

6. "Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue."—Walton.

7. "The most virtuous of all men is he that contents himself with being virtuous without seeking to appear so."—Plato.

8. "Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practises it will have neighbors."—Confucius.

9. "By great and sublime virtues are meant those which are called into action on great and trying occasions, which demand the sacrifice of the dearest interests and prospects of human life, and sometimes of life itself."—Robert Hall.

10. "Virtue may choose the high or low degree,

'Tis just alike to virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same belov'd, contented thing."

—Pope.

(c) Chastity.

1. "Thou shalt not commit adultery."—Ex. 20: 14.

2. "He that commiteth adultery and repenteth not, shall be cast out."—Doc. and Cov., sec. 42, par. 40.

3. "He that doeth it destroyeth his own soul."—Prov. 6: 32.

4. "A wound and dishonor shall he get, and his reproach shall not be wiped away."—Prov. 6: 33.

5. "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, shall deny the faith and shall not have the Spirit, and if he repents not he shall be cast out."—Doc. and Cov., sec. 42, par. 23.

6. An unvirtuous person is unclean before his Maker and his fellows.

7. Men and women should be accorded the same standard.

8. "Shall sex make then a difference in sin?

Shall He, the Searcher of the hidden heart,

In His eternal and divine decree

Condemn the woman and forgive the man?"—Anonymous.

9. "Live virtuously and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long."—Lady Russell.

10. "Virtue, dear friend, needs no defense;

The surest guard is innocence."—Horace.

11. "Virtue often trips and falls on the sharp-edged rock of poverty."—Eugene Sue.

12. "A pure mind in a chaste body is the mother of wisdom and deliberation."—Jeremy Taylor.

13. "Chastity enables the soul to breathe a pure air in the foulest place."—Joubert.

14. "A man defines his standing at the court of chastity by his views of women. He can not be any man's friend, nor his own, if not her's."—A. B. Alcott.

15. "There needs not strength to be added to inviolate chastity; the excellency of the mind makes the body impregnable."—P. Sidney.

16. "That chastity of honor, which feels a stain like a wound."—Burke.

(d) That vice brings misery to the soul.

1. "Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains."—Colton.

2. "Vice is a monster of so hideous mein,

As to be hated needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace."—Pope.

3. "Vice is but a nurse of agonies."—Sidney.

4. "The willing contemplation of vice, is vice."—Arabian Proverb.

5. "This is the essential evil of vice, that it debases the mind."—Chapin.

6. "Vice can deceive under the shadow and guise of virtue."—Juvenal.

7. "Vice always leads, however fair at first, to wilds of woe."—Thompson.

8. "A few vices are sufficient to darken many virtues."—Plutarch.

9. "What maintains one vice would bring up two children."—Franklin.

10. "Men often abstain from the grosser vices as too coarse and common for their appetites, while the vices that are frosted

and ornamented are served up to them as delicacies."—Beecher.

11. "The end of a dissolute life is, most commonly, a desperate death."—Bion.

CURRENT TOPICS.

HERESY.



HE trial of Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, New York, for his repudiation of some of the essential doctrines set forth in the creed of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has been the subject of general discussion by the newspapers of this country. The trial two years ago of Rev. Mr. Briggs on the charge of heresy seemed to have created in the United States considerable aversion to the charge of heresy, especially in view of the odious manner in which the word was used in the middle ages, and above all by reason of the cruel manner in which heretics have been treated in the past.

To be a heretic now in this liberal age is about as popular as it was odious in the middle ages to be one. There has been a disposition to treat those at variance with the creeds of their church and who are disciplined therefor as religious martyrs. Mr. Crapsey believes in the incarnation of Jesus, but repudiates the doctrines of His virgin birth and His bodily resurrection, as well as His ascension. In view of His repudiation of the essential doctrine of the resurrection, it would be interesting to know how the reverend gentleman would regard the incarnation of Jesus, presumably like most other divines of the age as the incarnation of divine attributes, rather than as the incarnation of a spirit into a body, notwithstanding

Christ's own declaration of His pre-existence.

A curious phase of the gentleman's defense arose in his effort to prove by witnesses that his views are those commonly accepted in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Certainly the most momentous and important feature in Christ's life and mission, was His physical resurrection, by which the human family are redeemed from death by Him who was "the first-fruits of the resurrection."

Another curious feature developed in this trial, by which it was contended that the issue was not whether Mr. Crapsey's views were correct or not, but whether they were what the church required him to teach. A very clear distinction is there made between the truth and his contractual obligations. Perhaps nothing illustrates better the dangers of a salaried ministry. Certainly Mr. Crapsey should believe in the teachings of his church to be even a consistent member; but how can church leaders contend that it is a question of contract, and not one of truth?

It would seem that in the trials for modern heresy, churches are compelled to take a defensive position against the attacks of its ministers who would undermine the fundamental principles of church belief. If it is not to be rent by the opinions of men, it must certainly defend itself against teachings that are at variance with its accepted principles of belief. It

looks very much as though Protestantism had become *a school of rational controversy on matters of religion*.

A VENERABLE INSTITUTION.

LITTLE publicity is given to the supreme court of the United States. Its decisions, which have had such wonderful effect upon the commerce and political institutions of our country, are not usually matters of great concern to the people at large; yet the decisions of this venerable body have a far-reaching influence on the most important affairs of our national life. The nine judges who constitute the supreme court are chosen for life, with

the privilege of retiring at the age of seventy. Justice Brown, who reached that age on March 2nd, and who has been on the bench for thirty-one years, now retires. This retirement, however, is optional; and if the service has not been long, judges who find themselves competent and vigorous at the age of threescore and ten do not always avail themselves of the privilege of retiring. Chief Justice Fuller is in his seventy-fourth year. Justice Harlan is seventy-three, and Justice Brewer reached his seventieth year on June 20th. As an illustration of ripe old age in the judicial harness of our supreme court, Justice Roger B. Taney reached his eighty-seventh year.

MY FIRST SETBACK.—A TEXT FOR BOYS.

I APPLIED for a job, and was received by an elderly but very keen gentleman, who treated me kindly, and told me finally that if they concluded to engage me they would let me know the next day. I knew that I never should hear from him, and I never did. Another man got the job.

Now, why didn't I get it? I learned why about two years later. Then, still working for the old concern, I went one day into the office of a house that we did business with, and got through the business all right, as usual; but when I was leaving, the man there, a good deal older man than myself, said to me:

"Young man, the next time you come here I'd be obliged if you would leave your cigar outside the door."

Then it came to me in a flash why I hadn't got that other job. I was a smoker, and I had walked into that other man's office with a cigar in my fingers. It wasn't a bad cigar, but I had gone in to see him carrying a lighted cigar, which was con-

trary to good taste and good manners and good business.

It was clinging to my own enjoyment, and showing that I was a slave to a habit, or else it was showing that I was clinging to a small sort of independence that made me stick to that cigar even when I was going into the presence of a stranger. And he knew, of course, that if I would walk into his office with a lighted cigar, I would walk into other offices where I might be looking for business for him in the same way; into offices where my cigar would be likely to strike some other people just as it had struck him. And that would be bad business.

There was my apparent flaw, and he did not want to spare the time or take the risk of teaching me. So I never heard from him.

But I had learned my lesson from the man who invited me to leave my cigar outside; and I cut out smoking altogether when I was round on business. I hadn't

lost any of my independence, but I had acquired some sort of sense of the cour-

tesy due to other people, of the respect, in fact, due to them and their establishments.

New York Sun.

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

X.

My Dear Son:—

I promised in my last letter to tell you something about the kind of books you ought to read. In my boyhood days, people did not have very good ideas about the kind of books young boys should read. In fact, in those earlier days about the only kinds of books to be found in homes were books on history, and all of them too heavy reading for the understanding of a boy. Now publishers are distributing books which they some time call supplementary reading, that is, reading fitted to the grade of school work which the boy is doing. There is, therefore, supplementary books for the second, third, fourth and so on, up through the ninth and tenth grades of the public schools. I now call to mind a set of such books published by D. C. Heath & Co., 378 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ills. It is perhaps as good a classification of books as any I know of; besides, it is very cheap. There are about thirty books in the set, and they cost from ten to thirty cents each. If you will look on the cover or the flyleaf of one of these books you will learn what books should be read by a boy in each grade of the public schools. The more advanced of these books are good reading for boys and girls even after they are twenty years old.

As a rule, in reading history it is best to begin with biographies. When a young man, there fell into my hands one of Abbott's popular biographies. It so entertained and instructed me that I read another and another until I completed the the thirty-two volumes. Historians have

sometimes criticised Abbott's historical judgment and even his accuracy, but the style of his writing, with its charm for youthful readers, has never been excelled. These biographies also contain many beautiful morals that every young boy should read. Most books of history may be read without creating in your feelings a bad influence, though some books of history may give you very wrong ideas about the people. It will take years for you to acquire a judgment sufficiently trained to know which are really the best histories, and even then you will often have to rely upon the judgment of those entitled to your confidence.

There is, however, another class of books whose influence may be very harmful, and therefore which should be selected with great care. I now refer to novels. A novel is a book that pretends to give a picture of real life—to tell what people actually feel and think under certain circumstances. Generally the writer of a novel imagines what he sets forth as facts. The supposed facts, however, are merely for the purpose of portraying human feeling and to show the workings of the human mind. The supposed facts are not important any further than they help one to remember the truths and the beauties of which they form the background. A novel, therefore, may set forth many beautiful truths and inspiring thoughts without giving any real facts. There are more truths in the world than are contained in human experience and therefore more truths than have facts for a basis; and to set forth these truths that have never been enacted

in real life, novel writers have made use of imaginary occurrences. A novel, therefore, may teach the truth, though it does not teach a fact. The ideas given in the parables of Jesus, for example the ten virgins, may only have been imaginary, but the parable of the ten virgins teaches a beautiful truth.

There are some novels that are helpful to boys and girls, for one of the things a novel often teaches is some moral truth clothed in imaginary occurrences. But a good novel does more than that, it appeals to the best and purest in the feelings. Perhaps the highest mission of the novel is to educate the feelings, for it is often more important how we feel about a matter than it is what we think of it, for our thoughts do not always give the highest interpretation of right and wrong in the world. A boy whose feelings are educated and trained to a high state of purity and nobility is not likely to go wrong, much less do wrong. You will see, therefore, that the mission of a novel may be a very high and beautiful one. On the other hand, the novel may be the most dangerous book that can be put into a boy's hand; and a single bad novel may be the ruin of his life.

In view of what I have said about the dangers of a bad novel, I think a boy should never begin to read one until it has

been recommended by some older person whose refinement, knowledge and wisdom make him competent to recommend it. Some novels are very bad in their influence, and respectable publishing houses would never think of circulating them. There are some men, however, who would do almost anything for money that the law will permit them to do, and they circulate hundreds of what are called "yellow back" novels, that do untold harm to tens of thousands of our young people. Be very careful, therefore, my son, before reading a novel, that it has been approved by some one whose judgment can be trusted.

Books have sometimes been divided into two classes—books that instruct us by giving us new ideas and important facts, on the one hand, and books which inspire and ennoble our feelings on the other hand. If we are to be well developed men and women, our feelings must be educated with our minds. People that have all heads and no hearts are apt to be cold, critical, and even skeptical, and they end in life by becoming pessimists, that is, looking on the dark side of things. It is easier for them to see the evil than it is to appreciate the good. This letter is so long that I must close and tell you in my next something about reading the Bible and other religious books.

GOOD, IF TRUE.

MR. THOMAS A. EDISON is the most wonderful man of his generation in turning his inventions to practical account. Recently he has been in quest of cobalt, which he now says he has found in North Carolina in sufficient quantities to revolutionize the electrical world. One of the difficulties in making the storage battery a factor in ordinary traffic is its great weight. Mr. Edison now believes that he can decrease, for example, the weight of the battery in

the automobile at least one half. He further thinks that his new discovery will greatly decrease the price as well as the weight, and he optimistically declares that the horse will be a thing of the past. In view of the enormous prices that horses bring in the local traffic of our great cities, those who are compelled to use them will hope that Mr. Edison's predictions will soon be fulfilled.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - JULY 1, 1906

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George Reynolds, - Asst. General Superintendent.

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ANARCHY.



THE recent attempt upon the lives of the king and queen of Spain by an anarchist, whose misguided judgment and wicked purpose evidently caused him to believe that the methods he was employing would bring about the overthrow of existing conditions in that country, is a source of all but universal regret. What makes this latest horror all the more alarming is the frequency with which the lives of national rulers are threatened; for anarchy is evidently gaining ground, if not in the number of its adherents, at least in the frequency of its attempt upon the lives of potentates.

The spirit and purpose of anarchy, if it

be permitted to take hold upon a considerable number of persons, is not likely to be restricted to the rulers of nations. In time its victims will be those possessing great wealth or exercising great power in the social and political world. Its avowed purpose is the leveling of human society—the equalizing of conditions among men.

As an enemy to humanity it is the more dangerous because of its hidden activities. It is a secret organization whose numbers and growth cannot be calculated. The difficulty therefore in grappling with it is unusual because of the mysteries and secrecies in which it is involved. It is impossible to believe that any considerable number of persons either in Europe or this country are members of such an organization. It need not be very extensive, however, to create its terrors. What makes it most dangerous to human welfare is the growth of its sympathizers; and it is to be feared that there is a growing indifference towards anarchy both in Europe and America. One is sometimes almost compelled to think that the frequency of the diabolical deeds of the anarchists causes men to feel less and less abhorrent in their attitude towards it.

When men's minds and feelings are attuned to violent and wicked motives, a mania seizes them and their minds become distorted. One is sometimes led to wonder whether the manifestation of anarchy is a perverted degeneracy showing an excrescence in social life, or whether it is a symptom of certain national evils, which, while less violent, are quite as dangerous to the body politic. If it is a symptom of national evils, national regenerancy is demanded for its extirpation. Anarchy is a

child of the gospel of evil and despair. It takes root and finds its most rapid growth in the age of unbelief. To the ignorant and malicious it is attractive because the end sought is a plausible good, and its adherents are converted to the fallacy that the end justifies the means.

Anarchy is certainly an evil that will tax the ingenuity of our law-makers; and it is to be feared that attempts to stamp it out by drastic and violent methods may lead to its increase. One cannot certainly look upon the future of anarchy, either in this country or in Europe, without feelings of misgivings and sorrow. In an age when life has so many advantages to offer, so many promotions for the worthy, and such just rewards for the diligent, it is dreadful to think that such a destructive pest as anarchy should lay hold upon the political and the social institutions of the leading nations of the world.

While there is no justification for anarchy, its advocates seize upon the evils of the age and growing class distinctions as an excuse for the perpetration of their crimes. It is certainly one of the evil signs of the times. Its spirit should be suppressed and its aims frustrated. Every citizen should desire the supremacy of a stable and just government, under which the rights of the people are maintained; and the first step taken which violates the principles of right and justice is an encouragement first to the professional agitator, and second to the wrong doer and wrong doing, is to be deplored when manifesting itself in un-Christianlike pains and penalties, which sooner or later lead to violence.



PARENTS' CLASSES.

ORIGIN OF THE MOVEMENT.

IN seeking to establish parents' classes throughout the Church, classes that will be, as far as they can be, uniform in char-

acter, it will be well, perhaps, to give a brief outline of this movement from its birth until the present time. It has been felt for several years that something of a general nature should be done to bring the parents, as a whole, in closer touch with the Sunday School. This condition has been so noticeable that the Sunday School Board of the Weber Stake took the matter up and commenced holding parents' conventions, both ward and stake, with a view of establishing in each of its wards parents' classes that will be uniform in character and purpose. The advance of this work was slow, but by persistent effort on the part of the Sunday School Board, these classes in that stake have become a fixed adjunct to the Sunday School, and have proved to be successful. This movement has extended also to Morgan, Box Elder, and other stakes, in all of which good work is being done.

The brethren of the General Sunday School Union Board, which includes the First Presidency of the Church, have watched the movement through the various stages of its growth and so impressed have they become with its value to the Sunday School cause, that a committee of the General Board was appointed to canvass the entire matter with the idea of making parents' classes general throughout the Church. This the committee did and reported their labors at the General Conference, held April, 1906, which report was adopted as seen below:—

ACTION OF CONFERENCE.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 7, 1906.

To the General Superintendent and Assistants and members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.

DEAR BRETHREN:—

Your committee appointed to investigate the parents' class movement, beg leave to report as follows:

As you know, for many years the parents and teachers in many instances, have been working at a disadvantage in regard to the spiritual welfare of the children under their mutual care, and Sunday School workers generally, have felt for a long time, that something should be done to bring the home and the Sunday School into closer relationship. We have visited the Weber, Box Elder and Morgan Stakes, with the view of finding out how far the parents' classes may be made to solve this problem, and, after a careful investigation, seeing the work done in these stakes, and noting the interest of the parents by personal observation in class work, and the beneficial effects that their attendance has on the punctuality and deportment of their children at school, we feel unanimously to recommend to you that you inaugurate throughout the Church, parents' classes in connection with the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We feel that great good will result therefrom and that much can be done to bring better harmony between the parents and teachers, and more uniform action for the welfare of the child so far as its Sunday School life is concerned, if this is done.

We feel to say, that if our recommendation is adopted by the general Sunday School authorities, then the details in regard to membership, course of study, enrollment and all other details connected with this movement, can be worked out satisfactorily. Kindly give this matter your earnest and prayerful consideration.

Ever praying for your welfare, we remain

Your brethren in the Gospel,

JOSEPH W. SUMMERHAYS,
HORACE H. CUMMINGS,
JOSIAH BURROWS.

On motion of President Francis M. Ly-

man, the report of the committee was unanimously adopted.

OBJECT OF PARENTS' CLASSES.

The object of parents' classes is,—first, to aid parents in general culture; and secondly, to bring about a closer relationship between the home and the Sunday School, that parents may give more efficient aid in the general work of the Sunday School.

Topics pertaining to the environment of the home, to the effect of one family's actions upon another's, to the influence of rewards and punishments as incentives to action, to the power of love as a disciplinary factor in the home—these and many kindred topics will aid the parents both as individuals and as heads of families.

In the co-operation of the home and the Sabbath School, it is desired that parents will manifest an interest in getting children to be punctual, and to be regular in attendance; to take an active part in the singing, and in memory work; and above all, that parents will impress their children with the importance of preparing lessons. In this respect, it is one of the objects of parents' classes to aid the members to render practical assistance in the matter of home preparation. In brief, parents' classes aim to establish unity between the home and the Sunday School, in order to benefit the *parents*, the *children*, and the *School*.

ORGANIZATION.

The parents' classes are primarily for the Latter-day Saints, though non-members of the Church are invited and should be made welcome. All parents attending the Sunday School, not connected with other classes, should be enrolled in the parents' class, unless they are officers or teachers, or have other duties in the School. A personal canvass of the ward

should be made and an explanation of the objects of the classes given, to induce the parents to join.

A suitable person should be selected as supervisor, who will direct and control the exercises and discussions in a wise way. In some places the Bishop of the ward or one of his counselors is serving in this capacity with excellent results. One or more assistants may be chosen to aid the supervisor.

The Stake Boards should also have one or more workers to look after this branch, and a department of the Union meeting should be established for it. In short: parents' classes should be considered as an integral department of the Sunday School and treated in the same respect as the other departments, except in the matter of statistics, as hereafter explained.

STATISTICS.

It is desired that a roll book be kept, containing the names of those in each class, and the number of children each family has in the respective grades, or among the officers and teachers of the school. A suitable roll book has been prepared for this purpose, which can be obtained at the Deseret Sunday School Union for the nominal sum of 25 cents.

The roll should be called each Sabbath morning.

In the future annual Sunday School ward report columns will be found for the following information: Number of persons enrolled in the class; per cent of attendance of those enrolled. This information will be compiled in the stake reports and then in the general report. Thus we shall arrive at some knowledge of the growth of this movement. In figuring up the enrollment and per cent of attendance at the parents' classes, care must be taken not to compile this information with the other Sunday School statistics, but keep it in the proper column.

TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

It is desirable that the parents' classes be held at no other time but during the Sunday School hour on Sunday. It is the purpose to imbue the parents as far as possible with a genuine Sunday School spirit, and this can only be acquired by attendance at the Sunday School and partaking of its influence; therefore parents should join the children in the opening and closing exercises of the school and participate in the spirit thereof. It is very desirable, where conditions are favorable, that a room be provided in the meeting house for the use of the class. Where this is not practicable, a room in a house adjacent to the place of meeting may be obtained.

CLASS WORK.

After the general opening exercises of the school, the parents' class should march to the room specially provided for its class work, where the following suggestive plan may be successfully followed:

1. Roll call.

2. Papers or addresses should be rendered on the topic before the class, by one or more persons, and then a full and free discussion should be entered into upon the subject presented. The discussion of the topic should not consume all the time; but a few minutes at the close of each recitation should be devoted to a summary of one or more important truths. These, the members of the class should determine to introduce into their home lives. Just how to do this will be prompted by the nature of the subject; it may be by improvement in personal habits, by improvement in home government, or by assisting the children in the lessons for the next Sunday.

Perfect freedom should be encouraged in asking and answering questions pertaining to the subject in hand. The members

who think and act are those who get most good out of the class work.

Three lessons will be provided for each month. For Fast Day and an occasional fifth Sunday, the class supervisors may prepare special work. The Fast Day exercise may consist of testimonies on the effectiveness of the parents' class movement, as well as on the truthfulness of the Gospel.

REQUEST TO ORGANIZE.

Lesson outlines will be prepared at an early date for one and one-fourth year's

work, beginning with the first Sunday in October, 1906. You are earnestly requested to organize classes at once in your ward, and get them well under way, so as to be able to take up the outlines in a proper manner.

In the meantime the classes may discuss topics already published or that may hereafter appear in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

General Superintendent.

GEORGE REYNOLDS,

Assistant General Supt.

RAYMOND.

II.



At the present time, Raymond numbers 2,500 inhabitants. The town has had the most rapid growth of any in Canada. It reached practically its present dimensions and population within three years. It had the good fortune to secure among its first settlers men of considerable fortunes, men who were public spirited, and who invested their means in the erection of a sugar factory and a large grist mill, and who further employed labor in the erection of houses and in the cultivation of the soil and the care of cattle.

Raymond, like Magrath, is located on a flat prairie surface. The manner in which it has been laid out is unlike that of most Mormon settlements where the streets run

north and south and east and west at right angles. In the center of Raymond there is a circular area of land, or a hub, from which the streets run like the spokes of a wheel.

For the last two years the town has undergone, like Magrath, the experiences of a drought. Had it not been for its system of irrigation and its sugar factory, the town might have been almost depopulated. In the beginning, wheat raising was so easy and profitable that it was with great difficulty that the people could be urged to raise beets. The drought, however, has proved the value of beet raising which can be carried on easily by means of irrigation. As it is, Raymond has more vacant houses than any other settlement in Canada. On the other hand, as soon as the trees obtain a few years' growth and irrigation becomes more general, Raymond gives promise of being not only one of the most beautiful, but also one of the richest towns in Southern Alberta.

All kinds of vegetables grow, like fish stories, to enormous size. Raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries do well. Such vegetables and fruit as grow in Southern Alberta have a most excellent flavor and their fibres are fine and tender.

J. M. T.



THE RAYMOND MILLS.

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kasler and Rebecca Morris.

THIRD SUNDAY, JULY 15TH, 1906.

1. Fingers' Greeting.
2. Hymn.
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Song—Selected.
5. Morning Talk.

Obedience to those over us in Sunday School.

We have our parents at home whom we mind or at least should do for they know so much better than we just what is best. And when we obey their word in a nice pleasant way it makes us feel very happy. When we come to Sunday School there are people here we must obey too in order for us to have a good school. Who is the superintendent of our school? Who are his assistants? When the bell is struck at ten o'clock who knows just what it means? Yes, for us to get ready immediately, and

when we all fold our hands, stop our talking and sit up straight it pleases the superintendent very much.

Just think how nice it would be if every boy and girl in the whole school would get ready immediately when the bell rings, then no waiting would be done and it would be quiet and pleasant. Shall we have a little secret of our own? Well let us see if we can be the very first to get quiet and ready every Sunday and then if the large children see the little kindergarten children all quiet they will feel ashamed and make up their minds to be ready first of all. Shall we try next Sunday to be the first to obey our superintendent?

6. Story.

Let one of the children select one for you to tell.

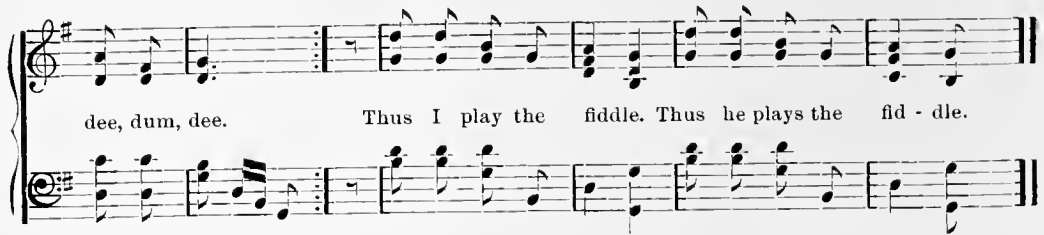
7. Song.

8. Rest Exercise.

THE MUSICIAN.

Solo. I am a young mu - si - cian From Flanders have I come, I can play sweet
Cho. He is a young mu - si - cian From Flanders has he come, He can play sweet

mu - sic Up - on my fid - dle, Fiddle dee, dee, dee, Fiddle dee, dee, dee, Fiddle dee, dee
 mu - sic Up - on his fid - dle,



Directions.—This game may be played seated, the “Musician” standing before the children. The scene represents a village group gathered about a wandering musician giving an account of himself. The chorus represents the curious villagers. Trumpets, Cellos, Drums, Accordians, Pianos, etc., are imitated. All the statements are immediately answered by the group.

9. Bible Story.

Retell the story of Noah and the Ark as previously given.

10. Story.

The Two Paths. (Adapted.)

In a country not far from here there were two paths. One was straight and long and narrow, but the other was very crooked and went winding in and out, twisting and turning, till one could not see the end of it.

One day a little boy whose feet were very swift came to these paths. He had been running and jumping and skipping along but when he saw the paths he stopped and said to himself: “Which path shall I take?”

The straight path was white and clean. On each side were large straight trees the branches of which reached towards the sky. Tiny flowers peeped out from the grass on the ground, and it all looked so beautiful it looked as if it were just the path to the boy’s home.

The crooked path had flowers too but they were not as pretty nor as many as on the other path, at least that is the way it seemed. They grew among many tangled vines that twined around the trees; they looked so bright and smelled so sweet that the boy thought he must go that way.

The path was so crooked he could not

run along because he could not see ahead and then besides the branches of the trees were so crooked and low he had to bend over in order to walk under them until his little back was very tired. The flowers too smelled so sweetly that they made his head ache, and when he tried to hurry he stumbled over the roots of the trees which had grown out of the ground.

By and by he came to a crooked house, the chimneys were all crooked, the steps were crooked and even the window and the door were crooked too. In this house lived a crooked man. He had lived there so long and walked out under the crooked vines so long that he could not even look at things straight. He said crooked words and he did crooked deeds and he could not look you straight in the eye at all, for fear you might know he was crooked.

When he saw the little boy he said, “I’ll ask that little boy to come and live with me.”

But when the little boy saw the man he hurried away through the crooked vines and trees. He could not find a path but did find a small stream of water. In the water were many little fishes which the boy watched for some time. They darted here and there and when the little boy put his hand into the water one swam so close that he caught it and took it from the water that he might see it better. But when he did this the poor little fish was so unhappy

it could hardly breathe at all, for you know fish can not live out of the clear pure water.

"Oh, what is the matter," said the boy as he threw it back in the stream again. But as he saw the fish swim merrily away he knew that he should not have taken it from its home.

"Oh, I am like that fish was for I am unhappy here and wish I was at my own home."

Then a voice, such a small quiet voice, spoke to the boy and said: "Don't cry little boy but hold your head right up and look straight ahead and nothing will harm you."

Then the little boy held up his head and walked straight through the trees and when the branches seemed to hang low or crooked he pushed them right away.

After a little he came out of those trees and came to the beautiful clean path he had first seen and ran along it so swiftly and fast he seemed to be flying.

The sun was bright and the buds too were bright and pink in the grass, sweet birds were singing and everything was glad, and the little boy too was glad, for he knew that he was far from the crooked

man's house and very near his own home.

II Closing Exercises.

FOURTH SUNDAY, JULY 22ND, 1906.

1. Song.

2. Hymn.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song.

How many children would like to learn a pretty song of some little things which live in a coop up in the top of the barn or on a high pole where pussy cat cannot climb? They always seem to be singing a little song that sounds sometime like coo, coo, coo, coo, or coodele coo, or coodele coo, or sometimes like that'll doo, that'll doo. What are they—do you know? The gentle little pigeons. We can play the song with our fingers, we can make a pretty pigeon house by putting our hands together, with our thumbs for the doors. Then you can open the doors and let ten quiet pigeons fly out to light on the tallest tree, and when they return you can sing softly, coo, coo, coo.

MY PIGEON-HOUSE.

German Air. Arranged by Miss E. M. Parker.

My pig-eon-house I o-pen wide, And set the pig-eons free;

They fly o'er the fields on ev-ery side, And light on the tall-est tree;

But when they return from their merry flight, I'll shut the door and say, "Good-night!"

Coo - roo, coo - roo, coo - roo, coo - roo; coo - roo, coo - roo, coo - roo.

5. Morning Talk.

Review talk on obedience in Sunday School, and follow out the thought how we must obey every one in authority over us. Were we to disregard the authority of those above us, there would be great confusion. You can speak of the different ones to whom we must conform in the Church. There are the Bishops, the teachers of many organizations, superintendents, stake officers, and the Presidency of the Church. Not only in our Church, but in every organized body everyone must be obedient to the law of that body.

6 Song Pigeon House.

7. Review the story and thoughts given in the JUVENILE for July 15, 1905. Should you know any incidents of obedience while the Saints were crossing the plains, relate them.

8. Rest Exercise.

Musician, as given last Sunday,

9. Song—**10. Closing Exercises.****THE AVERAGE BOY.**

The more there's work
To do at home,
The more I long
To up and roam;
The more I hanker -
And I wish
To cut a pole
And go and fish.
But when there's not
A thing to do
(Say, don't it work
That way with you?)

I am content
To rest a spell
Where I can hear
The dinner bell.
Work doesn't bother
Me a bit;
In fact, I'm rather
Fond of it;
But when it's to
Be done, then I
Wish I had wings
And I could fly.

Selected,

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

"MOTHER's helper!" said mother, as she kissed Milton good-bye. "What would mother do without him?"

Milton felt very tall and strong as mother disappeared around the corner, leaving him alone with Baby Erma while mother went to market.

"I shall be six years old next month," he said to Baby Erma, "and I will take the best of care of you. Come, let us have a race," and Milton started across the yard, taking baby steps so that little sister could catch him easily.

The race was soon ended and Baby Erma thought it such fun that she begged for another, and when she had caught him again, for another.

"Now, let us play horse," said Milton as he helped Baby Erma from the place where she had fallen. "I will be just a walking horse, then you shall not fall down again," and he harnessed himself with a jumping rope and handed little sister the reins.

"Ge-up!" said Baby Erma. "Whoa!"

What fun it was! She thought big brother the best of playmates.

"Come on, Milton," called the voice of Mervin Walters as he stood on tiptoe and looked over the gate at Milton, "we are all going to have a game around the corner. Hurry up!"

Milton stopped without even a "whoa!" and his little driver stood still, too.

How he longed to go with Mervin! Every boy in the block had new marbles. Milton had some, too,—bright shining ones,—and he had just learned to play. But he remembered his promise to mother, that he would keep little sister in the yard.

"No, I can't go to-day," he replied bravely. "I promised to take care of Baby."

"Oh, let her take care of herself," urged Mervin. "She is big enough; besides, I know I can shoot straighter than you. Come on and I'll show you."

That was the hardest of all to bear. Milton knew that he could shoot better than Mervin. He could almost hit a marble three steps away and he would have liked to show Mervin how to do it, but he knew that Baby Erma could not be left alone.

"No, I can't go," he said again. "I will play to-morrow," and he trotted away slowly, while little sister tugged at the reins and ran after.

"Good morning, little man," called another voice from the gate. "I hear that you are taking care of the baby to-day."

Milton stopped and looked up to see a real soldier, with real brass buttons on his coat, looking down at him from over the gate.

"Yes, sir," answered Milton, and then he hesitated, for he was not quite sure that he knew how to talk to a soldier. He had never before heard one speak and he wondered how this soldier knew about him.

"I heard you tell your friend why you could not play marbles," continued the soldier, "and I said to myself, 'That boy is brave enough to be a soldier.'"

"Oh, do you think so?" asked Milton eagerly, as he climbed up on the gate to get a better look at the shining brass buttons. "And do soldiers look after babies—and where are you going—to war?"

"When soldiers were little boys," answered the soldier, "they did whatever their mothers asked them to do, even if they thought playing marbles would be more fun. No, I am not going to war now. We are going to have a parade to-day, and we shall pass here. Look for me. I shall ride a horse and be in front of the other soldiers. Good-by, little soldier. I must go now," and he reached over the gate and shook hands with Milton and Baby Erma.

Milton stood long at the gate, looking

after his soldier friend and wondering when the parade would pass, until, urged on by his little driver, he turned around and trotted about the yard.

"Mother, mother!" he called, as mother opened the gate an hour later. "What *do* you think happened to-day? A real soldier said that I am brave enough to be a soldier. And, mother, do you think I am?" he asked after he had told mother about it.

"I am sure you are," answered mother, as she took him in her arms. "I could trust you anywhere. Let's go out to the gate and watch for the parade. I heard about it to-day and it is almost time for it to pass. I hear the drum now."

Far off down the street came a "Rub-a-dub-dub, a rub-a-dub-dub!" and Milton ran to the gate and climbed up to watch for his soldier.

Mother followed after and seated Baby Erma on one of the gate posts.

The "Rub-a-dub-dub!" came nearer and soon the whole band could be heard play-

ing "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue."

Crowds of people lined the streets and cheered as the band passed by. Then they cheered again and again, for they saw the soldiers coming.

"O mother," cried Milton in a voice that could be heard above the cheering of the people, "Look! Look! There goes my soldier!"

"Why," exclaimed mother, in surprise, "that is the captain!" The captain, who sat straight and tall on the prancing black charger, with a glittering sword at his side, heard, and turned and smiled at Milton over the heads of all the people.

"He was really the captain, mother," said Milton over and over again after the soldiers had passed, "and some time I shall be his soldier."

"Yes," replied mother, "you *may* be his soldier some day. You will be strong enough, I know, for you are mother's little soldier now." *Kindergarten Review.*

LA FIESTA DE LOS FLORES.



HE most notable event that occurs annually in Southern California is the grand parade, or procession, with this pretty Spanish name. In brief, we call it "The Floral Festival."

Residents in Los Angeles all combine to make this feature one of surpassing interest. It is advertised far and wide and draws tens of thousands from the cities and towns surrounding Los Angeles.

The time for holding this festival is in the spring, but on the commencement of each new year a similar exhibition is held in Pasadena. Some say the floral attractions are even better than the one held in Los Angeles in the spring. It is true that roses are finer in January than May.

The gigantic processions have such a charm of novelty that they are the best advertising movement that could be thought of, and justly draw attention to the climatic wonders of the Pacific Coast, for while in all the northern states nature is clad in winter garments, here all is summerland. Roses are at their best in midwinter in California, so are the tender flowering shrubs. It is therefore no wonder that eastern people are glad to spend some of the winter months in the balmy sunshine, surrounded by orange groves and gardens filled with semi-tropical fruits.

It was my good fortune to be in Los Angeles on the occasion of the last fiesta, and I thought that a short description of this original feature might be of interest to

the readers of the JUVENILE. Residents of Salt Lake City always make a good showing on public occasions and turn out in grand assemblages, but the fiesta filled all the windows and tops of the houses with eager sight-seers.

A floral show on wheels is a good drawing card, and brings tens of thousands of visitors to enjoy a few days of city life. All the streets on the line of the procession were crowded to the fullest limit. Over a hundred thousand spectators were out in their best attire. I never saw a better behaved crowd of people in all my life. Rowdiness was nowhere seen, and during the whole fiesta I did not see one drunken man, nor did I hear an oath. Yet I stood on the street curbs among the cosmopolitan elements that make up a crowd.

The colors adopted were similar to those adopted by the Semi-centennial Celebration held in Utah in 1897; dark green for the sagebrush, yellow for the sunflowers, and carmine in imitation of the flowers seen all over our foothills, called "the painter's brush," a flower that is not a flower, similar in character to the poinsettia, so famous in lower California. These colors prevailed everywhere.

Talk about fakirs. There were hundreds of men and boys selling souvenirs of the occasion, tooting horns of every conceivable character, anything to make a noise. Some had cow bells, Roumanian flutes, paper horns. Some frolicsome boys and girls had little tufts of feathers on long sticks that they tickled your ears and neck from behind, but nobody got mad. These little courtesies were all considered jokes.

The most ludicrous scenes were witnessed among them. Gangs of boys with calithumpian bands made head splitting noises as they passed the waiting crowd.

The commencement of the parade as usual was a cordon of mounted policemen with the officials in charge and one of the sixteen bands; next a company of Mexi-

cans, then cowboys of both sexes, all armed; then a magnificent float containing the members of a law school, all attired in college robes, flag poles with supporting attendants on each side. This law school adopted the wild mustard for the floral decoration. Next came three camels; then a beautiful company of ladies in white on horseback. All the trappings were white, bringing to my mind our old time 24th of July displays, with twenty-four young ladies in white. That was one of our chief features. A company of young men carried poles. From the ends protruded tufts of pampas grass with colors adopted. These men performed evolutions as they marched.

The hose carts and engines were all covered with flowers. Even the harness had the fiesta colors. Nothing was left undone to make it floral. Japanese jinrickshas were all decorated. The men wore bands of flowers around their hats. The California emblem, the bear, was imitated by means of flowers. Private carriages had some very expensive floral embellishments. One especially beautiful was covered with expensive gladioli. Many of the automobiles were beautifully embellished, and some cheaply so. Roses are not at their best in the late spring. They were not much in evidence. The free flowering *pougainvillea* was much used. It is a shrub of great beauty and is covered with a wealth of purple flowers.

Every known device was adopted to make this floral display attractive. All the vehicles in use, the animals also, were decorated; prizes were given to the best displays. There were but few features that we have not adopted here in Utah. The floral displays on a small scale I once saw on a 24th of July celebration. In the times of flowers here, we could do some fine things in the way of novel features. One of these days the old time celebration will come back to Utah.

The crowning glory of the day's entertainment was the electrical display in the evening. This was original and wonderful. Enlarged models of the planets were placed on floats with colored glasses, huge animals, mythical scenes with groups of beautiful women. The effects were transcendently attractive. The floats took their light from the car lines and followed the car tracks. I do not think we have attempted anything so advanced here in Utah, but we can do anything in that line when necessary.

There was a beautiful proportion preserved in all the displays; nothing was mediocre; none but master minds superintended the construction of each composition. Saturn with its rings was a fine lesson in astronomy; glorious Venus, with the accompaniment of lovely women was also

superb. The California grizzly bear was beyond praise when electrically lighted.

I was told that the cost of a fiesta reaches seventy-five thousand dollars, but I suppose it pays. I could hardly think, when looking at the surging crowds, that the capital of California, five hundred miles away, was in mourning, a blasted, ruined spectacle of desolation. It shows the wonderful recuperative power and the resources of our country when a city can afford the luxury of a fiesta in the time of mourning. The movements to have a fiesta started before the San Francisco calamity occurred, and for a while it was put off; and notwithstanding Los Angeles did miracles in the way of helping the unfortunates, they had means enough to accomplish the fiesta and make it a grand success. *C. R. Savage.*

A CENTURY AGO.

FEW persons to day stop to realize how different things were in this country a century ago. Here are a few things to think of:

Merchants wrote their letters with quill pens. Sand was used to dry the ink, as there was no blotting paper. There were no street letter boxes; letters had to be carried to the post-office. It cost eighteen and one-half cents to send a letter from Boston to New York, and twenty five cents from Boston to Philadelphia.

Every gentleman—Washington, for example—wore a queue; many powdered their hair.

Imprisonment for debt was common.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

The Mississippi Vallay was not so well known as the heart of Africa now is.

Two stage coaches carried all the travelers between New York and Boston, and six days were required for the journey.

There was not a public library in the United States. A day laborer received two shilling a day.

Stoves were unknown. All cooking was done at an open fireplace.

Many of the streets were unnamed, and houses were not numbered.

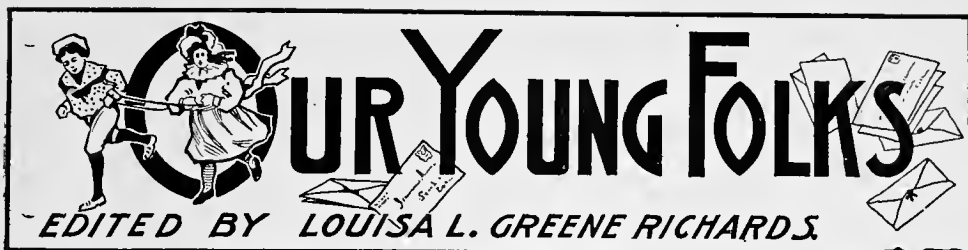
Selected.

A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind;
Remember He who made thee made the brute,
Who gave thee speech and reason formed him
mute.

He can't complain, but God's omniscient eye
Beholds thy cruelty, and hears his cry.

"Prayer without devotion is like a body
without a soul."

"Cast not stones into the well from
which thou hast drunk."



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XXXIV.

Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,
The heavenliest ray, that pitieth the while.

George Eliot.

Some Mysteries Explained.



HILE Grace was beginning her story for Carl's benefit, her father ordered the carriage made ready to take them to the Zellon place. Presently all necessary preparations had been made, and Grace told Carl she could finish her explanation to him while they were riding.

Carl felt awkward but greatly honored when he stepped into the handsome carriage, to ride with the banker and his beautiful and interesting young daughter. But he soon forgot other things to listen to the continuance of Grace's story.

"At a fruit and flower festival given by some of the young ladies of Mossburg," said Grace, "Salvego became very entertaining and popular. He is a fine dancer, a sweet singer, and he introduced several pretty games that were new to us. We girls all vied with each other, playfully, for his attention. And when I seemed to be selected for the favorite, I was happy and the others, some of them, a little envious.

"By and by he started a table game with little rings and balls, which none of us understood, so he had to instruct us. It was plain that he purposely gave me every advantage, and I was in high spirits

when he declared that one more successful move, very easy to make, would give me the game. But just as I was ready to make the last stroke, Johnny Roder, apparently by accident, stumbled and fell against the table, causing our balls and rings to go in a jumble to the center, and the game was lost.

"Salvego was intensely angered. He sprang upon Johnny like a wild tiger. But Johnny was more active, quicker and stronger than Salvego and easily dashed him off. The Spaniard flew at him again, more wrathful than before, and would not leave off quarreling until Johnny choked him, threw him down and gave him a severe pounding. How severe I do not know, for we girls were so frightened we ran away. Some of the gentlemen present took care of Johnny and Salvego instead of calling the police or other officers. This, I understood, was done in response to a request made by the ladies who had the festival in charge, that a scandal might not be raised. I was very thankful for that, for I was very much chagrined to think of my part in the wretched affair.

"The next day Johnny called on me, and explained that he purposely knocked the table and stopped the almost completed game. Had we finished it according to Salvego's plan, it would have meant that he had a claim upon me as long as he might choose to pay his attentions to me. Johnny had known of his playing the same game with another girl, and making trouble for her. And so, to save me from embarrassment, perhaps disgrace and sor-

row, Johnny incurred Salvego's anger, which is very fierce and dreadful. Salvego declared, with terrific oaths, that he would kill Johnny, and also that he would get me at all hazards and run away with me to Mexico. Oh, I shudder to think what might have happened to me but for Johnny.

"Salvego's aunt called on me before he was able to get out after Johnny whipped him. She told me in a kind, motherly way, that it would be well for me to leave Mossburg before he should see me again, and I was not long in acting upon her suggestion.

"Early in the evening of our Gymnasium entertainment, Johnny Roder called at our house to bring me this message. Salvego had seen a handbill of our entertainment, which someone had sent to his aunt several days before it was to be given. Seeing my name in the bill roused his old feeling, and he vowed to his aunt that he would be at the entertainment and would get me, by some means, and run off with me.

"His aunt understood him so thoroughly and knew so well that his intentions would be carried to desperate extremes, that she went to Johnny Roder and told him if he knew of any way of putting me on my guard, by all means to do so. Johnny knew he would have to come and tell me himself, that to write would be uncertain and unsafe. And he had to come a roundabout way so as not to encounter Salvego. That was how he came to Berryville on horse instead of by train. He said, and truly, that Salvego would be watching for me as I would leave home to go to the Gymnasium. I at once concluded not to go, but to remain close at home all the evening. When Johnny left the house, I had an impression that Salvego, lying in wait for me, would see him and try to kill him.

"Imagine, Carl, with what horror I saw

Salvego dart out from the shadow of the hedge and clutch Johnny as he sprang upon his horse. I was dazed for a time so completely that it was impossible for me even to scream. I fell to the ground, not unconscious but speechless and helpless. It seemed to me that I laid there for days and weeks before anyone discovered me. And all the while I could see Salvego fighting Johnny with deadly weapons and killing him. I realized, oh so keenly! that it was on my account, because I had been so thoughtless and foolish in accepting Salvego's attentions at the festival. I felt that I was a murderer, and I must have passed through the experience of a lost and condemned soul."

"I can sympathize with you, Miss Grace," said Carl. "I felt the same for a while when I hurt Teddy O'Lang."

"Think of passing a whole week with that weight upon your mind, Carl," Grace continued. "I could not endure the thought of father's having men sent out to search for Johnny. It seemed to me that the affair would be talked of all over the country and the papers would publish a lot of stuff and branding me as an awful wicked woman, and that perhaps I should be arrested, sent to prison, and finally hung. I have been too wretched to eat, too nervous to sleep, and until I thought of getting father to advertise as he did, I was nearly beside myself. I can tell you, there will be no coquetry or silly pretensions of any kind in my life, after this; it is too dangerous!"

"And too expensive," said Mr. Bonner.

"Upon my word, Jem," said Johnny Roder, standing at the window as the carriage stopped at the gate and Carl stepped out, followed by the banker and his daughter; "if Carl isn't bringing here the very person I have feared might learn of my condition, because it would grieve her. Grace Bonner is so good and sensitive and sympathetic—But well!" and

Johnny sank into a chair as Carl and his visitors entered the door.

"Johnny—Mr. Roder!" Grace exclaimed, extending her hand, which Johnny clasped warmly; and then with a great sob of relief she dropped into a chair and buried her face in her handkerchief.

After weeping for a short time, Grace calmed herself and asked; "How ever did you get away off here without attracting the attention of anyone?"

"It is strange, isn't it?" said Johnny. "Salvego frightened the horse and it ran away with us. It was dusk, you know; and if we were noticed it was probably thought we were a couple of boys playing pranks with a horse. I knew nothing of the roads here, and could not guide the horse with Salvego hanging on to me. The animal took its own course across the country, until it stopped on the edge of the old prospect hole out here. I must have been much exhausted with the tussle, and when the horse stumbled and fell and rolled over, I was somehow pitched into the hole, which likely prevented my death by Salvego's knife."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTER-BOX.

A Small Poem.

SUGAR HOUSE, WARD,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

We have taken the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for many years, and I have been interested in reading the letters. I thought I would send this little piece of poetry which I composed myself:

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

When you are sore and weary at heart,
Don't be discouraged but still do your part;
For after each storm a sun appears soon,
And on bright or dark nights there still is a moon.

Don't be discouraged whate'er may befall,
For there's a God watching over us all.

Don't fret and give up after once trying,
For nothing's accomplished by sitting and sigh-
ing

Stick to one thing until it is done,
For this is the way great honors are won;
We never must think the day's darker are grow-
ing,

But be glad for life's good gifts abundantly
flowing.

IRENE MURPHY, age 12 years.

Charade and Letters.

ORDERVILLE, UTAH.

I have been interested in the charades,
and will send one composed of 18 letters:

1, 2, 5, 8, is the name of a month.

11, 12, 13, 6, 15, 16, is what some people are.

17, 18, is a conjunction.

9, 10, 5, is a place that was full when the Savior was born.

7, 6, 3, 8, is what everybody does until they die.

16, 4, 5, is a number.

11, 14, 7, 7, 4, 10, is a bad condition to be in.

The whole is something from which we can learn a great deal, and is found in a great many homes of the Latter-day Saints.

I am 12 years old.

MERCY BLACKBURN.

Items Concerning the Prophet and His Relatives.

BILLINGS, MONTANA, June 6, 1906.

I was born in Panguitch, Utah, and am eleven years old. We moved to the Big Horn Basin in 1903. My papa has been working in Montana most of the time. Mama is here to cook for him and others. We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, also *The Children's Friend*, and I enjoy reading them very much. I like the little letters. There are no Mormons living here. I miss my Sunday Schools and Primaries. Our home is in Cowley, Wyoming. Mama called on a lady the other day whose par-

ents lived in Nauvoo. They saw the Prophet Joseph Smith. An adopted daughter of the Prophet's was an intimate friend of theirs, she died at their house. Her name was Flemming. She gave the lady's mother the Prophet's hymn book with some of his own handwriting on it. She has it now, also a stone with a picture of the Prophet's mother engraved on it by his son David. Their grandfather bought President Brigham Young's dining table when the Saints were driven from Nauvoo. Their uncle has it yet, it is a beautiful black walnut table. I was very much interested in this talk, and thought I would write it to the Letter-Box, so the many little readers could know about it.

ELIDA LITTLE.

Answer and Charade.

GOSHEN, UTAH.

To Atella Wiltbank's charade in the 1st of June number of the Letter-Box, I find the answer to be "Los Angeles." I have a charade composed of 6 letters:

5, 2, 3, is something we all do.

6, 2, 3, is an animal.

1, 5, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is something that makes beds warm.

The whole is something we all should love.

I am 14 years old.

JOSEPH JENKINS.

A Pleasant Birthday.

LUND, IDAHO, June 7, 1906.

I have never written to the Letter-Box. I have four sisters and one brother. My eleventh birthday was the 26th of May. I had a good time with my playmates, and mama made some ice cream for us. We live on a farm a mile and a half from the school and meetinghouse. We like to go to Sunday School and Primary, and we always go early with papa, as he is the su-

perintendent. We have nine cows and a cream separator. And as I am the oldest of the children I help with the milking,

ELIZABETH M. RINDLISBACHER.

Letter and Answer to Charade.

PROVO, June 7, 1906.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and like to read the stories and guess charades. I am eleven years old and have five sisters. I was promoted to the sixth grade at the close of school. I have guessed the charades in the June 1st INSTRUCTOR. The answer to Ida Dastrup's is "Constantinople."

ELVA SNYDER.

Answer and Charade.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I am very much interested in the charades. I think the answer to Hyrum S. Johnson's, in the 1st of June number, is "Bishop." I send a charade composed of 14 letters:

5, 6, 7, a kind of meat.

2, 3, 1, 10, a preparation made from grain.

8, 4, 7, 2, an animal.

1, 3, 9, 7, 2, part of a tree.

1, 11, 12, 3, 14, a nut.

The whole is the name of one of the Presidents of the United States.

CLARA LARSEN, aged 11.

Home From a Mission.

MERCUR, TOOELE CO., UTAH.

This is my first letter to the Letter-Box. We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I like the letters that are in it. I have one sister and seven brothers. One of my brothers has just come home from a mission.

I am 6 years old.

WEALTHY SPENDLOVE.



OUR
DIAMONDS
LOWEST
IN PRICE
BEST
IN QUALITY

Diamonds Are Trumps

ITS YOUR PLAY YOUNG MAN,
DIAMONDS TAKES HEART'S

We have just imported several thousand dollars worth of very fine Diamonds.

We can offer you some special inducements. Call or write us.

JOHN DAYNES & SONS

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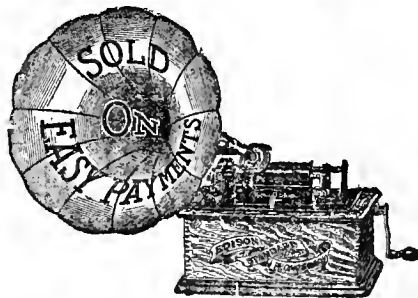
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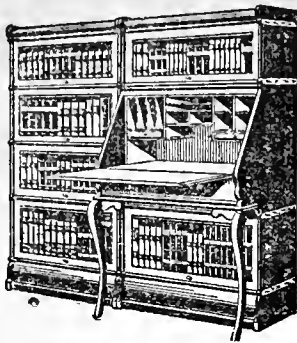
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